

er than the greatest service which proceeds from a selfish disposition. He searcheth the heart. He knoweth the heart. He judgeth the heart. He is not unmindful of the smallest things. Consider the works of his hands. He made the tiny flower that blooms under the snow on the mountain side with as much care, and no doubt with as much pleasure, as He made the planet Jupiter to sweep in majesty thru the sky. He made the smallest mote that dances in the sunbeam as perfectly as the big round earth to support its teeming millions of living creatures. And who shall say which is more important in the plans of God, the tiny flower or the glorious sun? Everything visible and invisible, great and small, has its mission and is important. He who made everything for some good purpose does not overlook the feeblest effort of the feeblest saint in His kingdom.

Service rendered to the least of God's creatures is not in vain. "One of the least of these." Men serve the great with diligence and delight. Kings and emperors have followers and servants enough and to spare. They are never neglected, never slighted. Every want is anticipated by obsequious courtiers and followers. Men count it an honor to stand guard before their errands, to unloose the latchet of their shoes and to kiss their feet. But men of low degree are neglected, slighted, forgotten, despised. Men and women sometimes turn their backs upon their own blood relations if they happen not to be persons of reputation or fashion.

Not long since an old lady, bent, wrinkled, and feeble, her hands and face bearing marks of many years of hard work, appeared at the door of a home for old people in one of our Eastern cities, as an applicant for an inmate. Her story was sad enough. She had five children, all married and living in homes of their own, but there was no home for her with any of them. One had no room to spare; another lived in a flat, and did not think his mother, who had always lived in the country, would be content in such narrow quarters; another was wealthy, but spent most of her time traveling; another had all he could do to support his wife and children; another was so fussy and particular that she feared an old person about the house might embarrass her by appearing in untidy dress. The son whom she had hoped might provide a home for her in her old age had recently died, and now she could see no better way than to find a place in an old people's home. The trouble with her was, she was old and poor and unfashionable. If she had been rich or distinguished in some way, not only her relatives, but strangers would have opened their doors to her. Men will pour out their money to build monuments for the great, but will not give a cup of cold water to the poor and lowly.

One had no time for such little services. His time is too valuable. Another had no tact for such services. Another fears that such small services would make his life ap-

pear small. He means to be great, to think great thoughts, make great plans, work out great achievements. But one of these little ones is worth more than all the money and all the stores and all the factories of a great city. The greatest men have not thought it beneath them to minister to the lowly. Jesus the greatest of the great, delighted in serving the least among all the people. His ear was open to the cry of the poor and the lowly. He took little children in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.

The man who stands by the wayside with a cup of cold water watching for some thirsty soul will not wait in vain. Thirsty souls are coming his way. One will furnish employment and encouragement to a fallen sinner who is trying to rise, and in doing so will turn the feet of a wanderer into the way of life. And best of all, those who give a cup of cold water to thirsty travelers will refresh their own souls more than any others. Let those who have shut themselves in from the disagreeable world open the window to give a little comfort to the weary and neglected, and thru the open window fresh rays of sunshine shall pour in and the fragrance of flowers shall fill the place. These lines, by Edward Rowland Sill, tell a sweet story:

"My tower was grimly builded,
With many a bolt and bar,
'And here,' I thought, 'I will keep my life
From the bitter world afar.'

"Dark and chill was the stony floor,
Where never a sunbeam lay,
And the mold crept up on the dreary wall,
With its ghost touch, day by day.

"One morn, in my sullen musings,
A flutter and cry I heard;
And close at the rusty casement
There clung a frightened bird.

"Then back I flung the shutter
That was never before undone,
And kept till its wings were rested
The little weary one.

"But in thru the open window,
Which I had forgot to close,
There had burst a gush of sunshine
And a summer scent of rose.

"For all the while I had burrowed
There in my dingy tower,
Lo! the birds had sung and the leaves had danced
From hour to sunny hour.

"And such balm and warmth and beauty
Came drifting in since then,
That the window still stands open,
And shall never be shut again."

"To Give Light—To Save Life"

This was the beautiful motto inscribed upon the Eddystone Light-house. What could be more appropriate to express the office of a light-house than these words? They express, also, with equal beauty, the office which Jesus came to fill as the Light and the Saviour of men. But Jesus intended that every one of His followers should in some degree fulfil this high office. "Ye are the light of the world," He said to His disciples; and "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

—Sunday-School Evangelist.

Never Despair

New York Observer.

How apt we are to forget that tho clouds overcast our sky, the sun still shines, that behind these trials and afflictions which are "but for a moment," lies the blessing most needed. He is his own interpreter, and he will make plain what seems dark and mysterious now. In His own good time He will deliver. Never despair. Perhaps it is to make trial of our faith, that we are tried, or to show us our dependence upon a higher power for support in trials. The world offers no hope, it cannot satisfy the soul that has "tasted of the powers of the world to come."

When tempted, tried, or desolate, to such a soul He is indeed as "the shadow of a rock in a weary land." Some one has said: "The Lord never takes anything from us, but with the design of giving us something better." We have had this verified in our own life. Our plans have come to naught. The work of months of patient toil has yielded "nothing but leaves." We were heart sick and ready to despair almost, but the "why and wherefore" were made plain to us in His own time, and compensation came in the best form, and our heart was filled with joy, which erstwhile were filled with the ashes of heaviness. Never despair.

Oh, More Than Music

MARY F. BUTTS

Oh, more than music is the voice
That murmurs God's dear will!
What confidences he would give,
If clamoring hearts were still!

The morning would his mercy speak,
The night his love would tell,
And beauteous Nature, myriad voiced,
Would whisper, "All is well."

—Sunday School Times.

Common Lives

Forward.

The common people have always been Christ's best friends. It was the common people who heard him gladly when the great were persecuting him. From the common people his church has been most largely recruited. Even so today the hearts of the common people are the greatest bulwark of the faith. If the common people have honored Christ, still more has Christ honored them by using them in the defense of his truth and the spread of his gospel. Thru them, in a thousand quiet ways, he is daily being preached. They are the mainstay of every movement for righteousness; they comprise the bulk of his church. Verily, Christ uses common lives.

Christ uses common lives, not because they are common lives, but because they are willing to be used by him.

God requires not talents, but submission. It matters little to him whether a life be common or great, as the world views it. He only asks that the life be yielded to him; he